

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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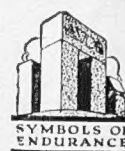
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Marcus Adams

Mrs. Henry Garnett with Sarah and John

Mrs. Henry Garnett is the wife of Captain Henry Claude Garnett of the Royal Horse Guards. Formerly Miss Mary Gerard Leigh, Mrs. Garnett is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, of Thorpe Satchville Hall, Leicestershire. She is now working in an aircraft factory and her two children, Sarah Annabella and John Henry, are living with their maternal grandparents at Thorpe Satchville. Captain Garnett is the son of the late Captain C. L. Garnett, Royal Artillery (who died of wounds received in action at Kut in 1915). "Wyreside," the family seat in Lancashire, to which Captain Henry Garnett succeeded on the death of his great-uncle in 1917, was sold in 1936



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Premier and President

NO one will deny the importance of the two series of talks which Mr. Churchill has had in Washington with President Roosevelt. Under our existing system there is probably no alternative to the leaders of the allied western democracies having periodic personal talks. General Marshall and other highly placed American staff officers can come to London and reach full agreement with their opposite numbers of the British staffs, but the visiting American staff officers are not empowered to pledge the future action and movements of their own forces. Only the President, answerable to Congress and in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, can reach those decisions. Mr. Roosevelt may find himself in personal disagreement with the views brought back from England by his naval or military experts. In simple language Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt may not see eye to eye on important fundamental issues of world-war strategy. In such circumstances there can be only one short cut to agreement, and that is for the two men, having the power to decide, to meet and thrash out their respective viewpoints. Constitutionally it is very much easier for Mr. Churchill to visit the United States than it is for President Roosevelt to come to Britain. Politically too, on balance, it is probably easier for the British Prime Minister to be away from his capital than it would be for the President.

Direction of the War

NONE the less it cannot be denied that the timing of Mr. Churchill's trips has been unfortunate. He returns now to a difficult Parliamentary situation, very similar to that which faced him when he came back from his last outing. He had left for that journey on the morrow of the loss of H.M.S. Prince of Wales and Repulse. He returned to the loss of Malaya and the fall of Singapore. There

were critics then as there are critics now on the main strategy which had allowed those disasters to befall, though at that time the critics were at pains to attack the Prime Minister only by implication and not in his own person. He returns now on the morrow of a very serious British reverse in North Africa, the ultimate consequences of which cannot yet be foreseen, and once again he will be met by loudly voiced criticism from at least certain sections of the House of Commons.

But this time, it would appear, the critics are to come out into the open more plainly than they did a few months ago. Now a group of M.P.s, led by Sir John Wardlaw Milne, are anxious for debate on a motion which declares high admiration for the work of endurance of the troops, but asks Parliament to declare that it no longer has confidence "in the military direction of the war." That can be aimed only at Mr. Churchill, for he adopted the title of Minister of Defence when he assumed the premiership, and it is really in that capacity that he has been visiting the United States this month. The names at present associated with Sir John Wardlaw Milne are not impressive. It is the same not large, but noisy group, which, for a variety of different reasons, has wished to tilt Mr. Churchill's leadership. It seems to me probable that by drafting this motion, Sir John Wardlaw Milne and his associates have probably ensured that Mr. Churchill will once again secure an overwhelming vote of confidence from the House.

Who Were Responsible?

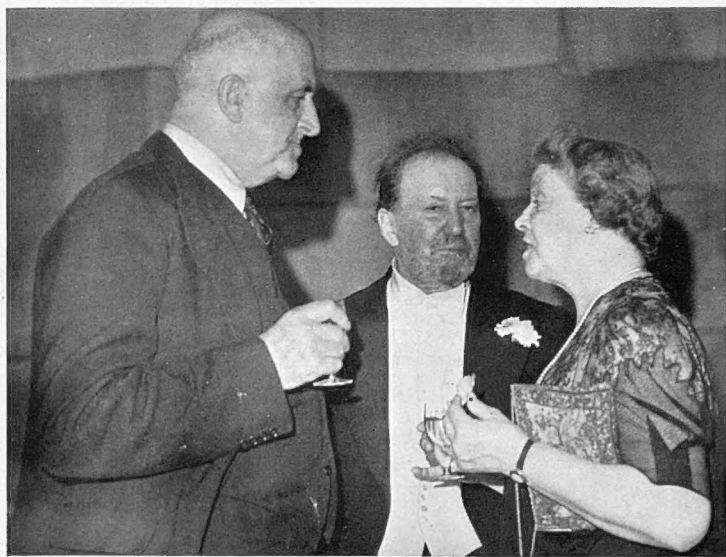
MR. CHURCHILL will, I believe, get his vote of confidence, but that is not to say that there will not be an insistent demand for a searching investigation into the underlying causes of this latest and, in some ways, most serious reverse to British arms. If there has been lack of decision and vacillation in the

direction of Middle East military operations, M.P.s will certainly demand that changes must be made. If, on the other hand, it should prove that certain broad decisions taken in Cairo were the outcome of pressing advice tendered from either London or Washington, then the blame for failure could not be allowed to rest on the Middle East Staff alone. And what if it be that the generals, who have not handled their troops as well as those of the enemy were handled by Rommel and his generals are none the less up to the standard of the best in the British Army at the present time? The Germans have made a much longer and more intensive study of the new armoured warfare than the British. The Nazi system has inevitably produced a breed of robot soldiers who may be peculiarly fitted to accept the difficulties and hardships of this type of warfare. Certainly the question is not a simple one, to be answered by the replacement of one general by another.

On Generalship

WHEN we last attacked Rommel, Sir Alan Cunningham, then commanding the Eighth Army, was held up in the opening phase just as Rommel was held up on this occasion. General Auchinleck hastened to the front, sent Sir Alan Cunningham on leave and gave command of the Eighth Army to General Ritchie, who then succeeded in driving Rommel across Libya as he has now driven us back again. Who can say today whether Cunningham or Ritchie is the better soldier? Who can say whether the battle would have gone differently had Wavell been left at Cairo instead of being dispatched East in a series of eleventh-hour attempts to save battles already lost. General Auchinleck has been widely regarded as a good general. It is now said of him that he is too defensively-minded. Yet it was Auchinleck who displaced Cunningham because the latter did not believe in the wisdom of continuing with an attack which had started so badly. Auchinleck certainly had the offensive spirit at that time.

If changes are to be made, I should expect to see General Alexander brought back from India where his chief task under Sir Archibald Wavell—the defence of Burma, to which he was called all too late—could now presumably be handed over to another. Meantime Lord Gort stands fast in Malta where he has large numbers of fighter aircraft and, one gathers, a



B.B.C. Celebrate Russia's Entry Into The War

Sir Allan Powell, Chairman of the B.B.C., photographed with Sir Henry Wood at the party given by the B.B.C. to mark the first anniversary of Russia's entry into the war. M. and Mme. Maisky were present and heard the first British performance of the symphony written by Shostakovich during the siege of Leningrad last winter, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under conductor Sir Henry Wood



London Audience Views German Defeat Near Moscow

Mr. and Mrs. John Maynard Keynes went to the New Gallery Cinema to see the first presentation in this country of the Russian war film "The Defeat of the Germans Near Moscow" (reviewed by James Agate on page 4). Mr. Keynes, a member of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Consultation Committee, was recently created a baron. He will make his maiden speech in the Lords this month



An Admiral Receives His Son's Decorations

Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, took his cousin, Mrs. Tyrwhitt, to Buckingham Palace when he received from the King the D.S.O. and D.S.C. awarded to his son, the late Lieut.-Commander Lionel Tyrwhitt of H.M.S. "Hasty"

goodly reserve of supplies. Obviously, however, the difficulties of maintaining the Malta garrison as an effective thorn in the Axis side have been considerably increased.

Neutrals Bid for Peace

PEOPLE who watch closely the trend of apparently small and unrelated affairs in Europe, have lately been coming to the conclusion that a number of neutral countries are taking counsel together on whether they can find means of procuring a negotiated peace between the Axis and the United Nations. These moves appear to be co-ordinated in some way through the Vatican. There have been signs in Lisbon and in Madrid, others in Rome and yet others again in the Argentine. For the moment it is not obvious that any plan of action has been agreed upon, and indeed it is hardly to be expected that any practical attempt would be made until the end of the present European campaigning season.

Each of the countries concerned would obviously stand to gain by an early peace. For example, Portugal has much to lose from the very continuance of the war, and is at all times anxious lest Hitler may decide suddenly to march into the Peninsula and across to North-West Africa. General Franco, whose tenure of power in Spain is said to be becoming weekly more tenuous, would certainly welcome an end being put to the uncomfortable role which he occupies, balanced insecurely on the fence. War-weary Italy would equally value a reprieve. It is noticeable, also, that Finland, whose plight as Germany's ally against Russia is becoming a truly pathetic one, has recently appointed a Minister to the Vatican in the person of Mr. Gripenberg, who was for many years their Minister in London until Britain felt obliged to hand him his passports. As I say, these are no more than straws blowing in the wind, but they may presently develop into more positive shape.

Colonel Donovan's Advice

COLONEL WILLIAM DONOVAN, who has been responsible for building up the United States wartime intelligence and enemy propaganda services, of whom I wrote in these notes a fortnight ago, arrived back in Washington in time to take a hand in the Roosevelt-Churchill talks, after a short but intensive stay in London. This may have been important. The President listens attentively to "Bill" Donovan's advice and the views he will have been advancing since his return from London are very closely in line with those of the British

Chiefs of Staff. He will certainly have urged Mr. Roosevelt once again to recognise the paramount importance of the Mediterranean and the Middle East bastion. He will also have exerted his influence against advisers who, with little practical experience of existing land warfare conditions, would plunge into new continental adventures without first having taken proper thought of all that this will entail. To say this is not to decry the principle of the "second front." The British are as eager for it as the Americans and the Russians. But it cannot too often be asserted that the time and manner can be decided only by responsible statesmen and their technical advisers judging the position impartially, with complete objectivity and after careful appraisal of many facts which, or should, be known to them alone.

Sea and Air

CORRESPONDENCE of an unofficial character which has been appearing in desultory fashion in the newspapers during the past week or two seems obviously to herald a renewed controversy on the best means of employing Britain's bomber force. The theme of these letters is that in the present phase of the war our great long-range bombers would be better engaged roaming over the wide spaces of the Atlantic looking for submarines than employed on their legitimate task of carrying destruction into the enemy's territory and, notably, on to the factories and yards in which those submarines are being built. I imagine that before this thesis is accepted Mr. Churchill and his colleagues in the War Cabinet will wish to review most carefully the arguments advanced from both sides.

We were all stimulated by the alarm and confusion created in Germany by the destruction of Lubeck, Rostock and Cologne. They served as a demonstration of what could be achieved if Bomber Command were brought up to really formidable strength. They were hailed in Moscow as an important first feature of a "second front." While demands for heavy bombers are necessarily pressing from both India and the Middle East it is evident that even this limited "second front" could not be maintained if the British based bombers were to be almost entirely diverted to defensive operations on the high seas.



Mrs. Nye and Lady Knox were in charge of a stall outside the War Office. Mrs. Nye is the wife of Major-General Archibald Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff. "Utility" roses were on sale this year and most of the roses were of cardboard. Pins were saved by giving some of the roses tabs which could be fastened into a man's buttonhole



Admiral Stark Buys A Rose

Admiral Harold Stark, Chief of the United States Naval Forces in European waters, found a pretty seller awaiting him outside headquarters. Admiral Stark, already popular in this country, is evidently a reader of Illustrated Newspapers



Selling Roses In The Strand

Mrs. L. H. Pike, wife of the Agent-General for Queensland, Australia, had her daughter, Jacqueline, to help her sell Alexandra Day roses outside the Queensland London Offices. They spent a very successful morning and afternoon on duty



Outside The War Office And The Royal Air Force Club

Lady Orr-Lewis found a good market for roses in Piccadilly and a number of willing buyers outside the Royal Air Force Club. Lady Orr-Lewis is the wife of Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis. They were married in 1940. Every one is asked to return their roses this year to the Women's Voluntary Service so that they may be used again next year if necessary

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Gay and Grave

By James Agate

IT looks to me as though Master Mickey Rooney is not going to be left very much longer in undisputed possession of the field. I refer to a newcomer, one Master Stanley Clements, a thirteen-year-old boy who looks and acts like a seventeen-year-old. How considerable an artist Master "Stash" may be is too early to tell. What one can vouch for is that he has all Mickey's bounce and vim and a little of his own as well. He, too, is the perfect type of Trabb's boy; as an actor he, too, has that unconquerable rush and energy of portrayal which, says Chesterton, was the supreme greatness of Dickens.

"A Dickens character hits you first on the nose and then in the waistcoat, and then in the eye and then in the waistcoat again, with the blinding rapidity of some battering engine." In *Right to the Heart* (Odeon) Master Clements hit me in the eye, nose and waistcoat in exactly the same manner as that rude grocer's boy who, some fifty years ago, fell upon and defeated me in a side street of a Manchester suburb.

The film, which is a story of love in a boxer's training camp, came on at one o'clock. I was hungry and anxious to go to lunch, but Master Clements's performance was good enough to keep me in the theatre until half-past two. Unless, of course, I was seduced by the dental charms of Brenda Joyce, about whom I read:

In a state where queens are chosen for fruit, flowers and general pulchritude, it is somewhat unusual to have a queen selected for her beautiful teeth. Yet this is precisely what the Southern California Dental Association did when it proclaimed Brenda Joyce, lovely 20th Century-Fox star, as California's "Smile Queen."

Yes, it must have been Brenda.

THE morning's *pièce de résistance* had been Ginger Rogers in *Roxie Hart*, which runs the whole gamut of American satire from Dorothy Thompson to the Marx Brothers. This contrives to indict simultaneously the procedure in an American court of law, the ways of American advocates and juries, the American attitude to crime, dames in a jam, and the capital made by the cinema industry out of these things.

Roxie, a dancer in a night club, is wrongly suspected of murder. Her agent persuades her that a successful trial would put her right on the front page. The idea is heaven to Roxie who plays up for all she is worth. The trial doesn't quite go as planned; indeed there are moments when Roxie looks as if she were in a spot. Whereupon she pretends she is going to have a baby, which device unlooses a cataract of gibes at American mother-sentiment.

BUT enough about the plot. The point is the continuous stream of wit in the dialogue, and the finesse and subtlety which Ginger brings to her first burlesque role. She has been magnificently supported by her director, William A. Wellman, who has let no farcical opportunity slip. There is a scene in the prison in which Roxie gives the reporters a taste of her quality as a performer of the Black Bottom. In less than no time everybody present is dancing, including the head wardress, played by our old friend Sara Allgood. Shade of Juno! Most of the picture happens in court, and it is reasonable satire to represent the camera-

men as interrupting the evidence at all its most sensational points in order to take close-ups by flashlight. It is a wicked touch whereby the judge always manages to get himself included in the picture.

The important part of the defence lawyer is taken by that magnificent old war-horse, Adolphe Menjou, to whom the screen will never be able to pay back what it owes. To play lovers in the silent days of, shall I say thirty years ago, and grotesque old men in modern talkies persuades me that Menjou is not a cameraman's dummy but a first-class actor. Ginger goes from strength to strength and the town will flock to see her. Let me advise the town to arrive in time, or alternatively, stay for *Right to the Heart*. Provided, of course, that the management has had the wisdom to keep it in the bill.

SOME years ago there was an exhibition of photographs taken on the battlefields of the last war, some of which were so horrible that they were only shown to people of strong nerves in an inner room. I visited this exhibition, and obviously nobody except the soldiers had ever seen anything so ghastly before. And these dreadful pictures of limbless, faceless, unrecognisably mutilated human beings were no figment of a macabre-minded artist's imagination, but the remains of real human beings who had been at one time alive in the fullness of their health and strength. I was reminded of all this during the showing of *The Defeat of the Germans near Moscow* (New Gallery) which is an hour-long "documentary" of the German invasion of Russia in the winter of 1941.

The earlier part is comparatively calm and unexciting: preparations for the siege of Moscow, and shots of Russian civilian life not unlike our own—the equivalent of our Home Guard (but with the much more aggressive title of Annihilation Squad)—shelters, anti-aircraft, and so forth. And then one is taken outside the city with its magnificent wide streets and colossal bridges. What a countryside! What unheard-of length of road, what undreamt-of endlessness of plain! And the snow! Mountains of it everywhere, the guns, the planes, the houses, lorries, trains, people, covered with it, buried in it. Then we are given maps showing how near Hitler got to Moscow. At the end of the film the enemy has been driven out of the occupied areas, and we see the return of the troops, the acclamations of the villagers, and the gradual putting of Russian houses in order.

BUT what the wretches have done meanwhile! The home and grave of Tchekov, the home and grave of Tolstoi, the home, afterwards a museum, of Tschaikowsky—all ruined, burned, desecrated, defiled. All this is sickening, but not so sickening as that which is to come. For here we see things compared to which Goya's *Horrors of War* are the merest *bagatelles*. We see shot after shot of corpses in the most unspeakable positions, limbs and heads rotted away, babies with faces cut across, stiff with blood, upstanding corpses, corpses seated, lying on top of each other, corpses burnt alive, buried alive. And, as a crowning piece of horror, a row of corpses, men and women, hanging, swaying in the wind and snow, in dreadful, half-ludicrous attitudes. "Look," says the Explainer, Wilfred Pickles. "Look. Don't turn away—you are meant to look." And we looked, and realised as never before how utterly horrific war can be. To show this picture in the middle of the present war proves that the Gaumont British Picture Corporation has belief in our courage and our strong sense that even at this cost Hitler must be stopped in his dreams of world conquest and world brutalisation.



Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers in "*Roxie Hart*," at the Odeon

"*Roxie Hart*" provides a new role for Ginger. As a vulgar little cabaret dancer who agrees to be tried for murder for the sake of front-page publicity, she is the high light in a film which is grotesquely burlesque, hilariously satirical. Adolphe Menjou is superb as her shyster lawyer



Constance Cummings and Ann Todd found a comfortable settle for a well-earned rest. Constance Cummings is appearing at the moment with John Clements in "Sky-lark" at the Duchess Theatre



Fay Compton, Leueen MacGrath and Valerie Taylor waited for customers together. Fay Compton was having an afternoon off from "Blithe Spirit" which transferred from the Piccadilly to the St. James's Theatre this week



Penelope Dudley-Ward, Joyce Carey and Vivien Leigh joked happily. Joyce Carey has been busy working on Coward's new film "In Which We Serve," which has been made at Denham

The Stage Takes A Hand

Strong Support For Good Causes



In days of peace, the London Stage set itself the annual task of extracting as much money as possible from the pockets of the public for the benefit of the Actors' Orphanage by holding a Theatrical Garden Party. It was an event eagerly looked forward to each year for it gave members of the public the opportunity of meeting and speaking to their favourite star, and it became, to an ever increasing extent, the main financial support of the Orphanage. This year a garden party was not possible, so, at the suggestion of Miss Diana Wynyard, an extra matinee of *Watch on the Rhine* was given at the Aldwych Theatre. Many famous stars were there selling programmes and collecting money. The afternoon was a great success and a considerable sum of money was raised for the Orphanage.

(Left) Noel Coward, President of the Orphanage, had good news for the two stars of "Watch on the Rhine" — Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook



Jane Carr made an irresistible appeal for funds to help the Orphanage. She broadcasts regularly and is known as the sweetheart of the overseas forces

Robert Helpmann and Kay Hammond selling tickets for "Macbeth"



(Left) The second performance of "Macbeth," with John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies at the Piccadilly Theatre on July 9, is to be given in aid of the Soho Hospital for Women which attains its centenary this year

Selling Alexandra roses in Knightsbridge



(Right) Miss Glynis Johns, the young stage and screen actress, helped Mrs. John Eden (the Kensington area organiser) and Mrs. Barruck to sell Alexandra roses at Harrods

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

It's About Time! (Comedy)

WHAT about these little intimate revues? Is it our fault or theirs that they do not consistently amuse? Are they losing their snap, or are we suffering from satiety, tiring perhaps of too persistent, too imitative a fashion? They tend to conform so closely to type that, but for the personalities of their leading players, it would be difficult in recollection to tell one from another. We remember them, indeed, less as independent works of art than as settings for particular stars.

When one considers the number of contributory talents engaged in their devising, it seems odd that, in themselves, they should have so little distinguishing variety. Their authors are apt (unconsciously, no doubt) to plagiarise more original masters, and to flog willing but overworked horses. Good ideas that have brightened previous revues are served up anew, blurred by imitation (or conscience), and rendered insipid—like twice-infused tea. Such probably innocent plagiarism may not amount to the gag-stealing said to be rife in other branches of vaudeville, but it does deflate the currency.

ONE need not invest the title of *It's About Time!* with too much significance. After all, what's in a name, particularly the name of a revue? It serves as a label to the now conventional, somewhat breathless hotch-potch of songs, sentimental and topical, patter pieces, anecdotal skits, and satirical trifles, which come and are gone ere one can say: "It lightens!"

Though considerable thought and industry must have gone to the making of this little show at the Comedy, the result is well-meaning rather than memorable. Yet the general flatness of the material has one advantage: it throws into relief the virtues of the neater numbers and the art of particular players. When Miss Magda Kun, for instance, has the

front-cloth and the footlights to herself, and sings about "Arms and the Girl," thanks to her deft, delightful pointing, that modest lyric assumes a glitter that a more dazzling context might have dimmed. And so with the solo appearances of that game little artist, Miss Ivy St. Helier.

ON the other hand, with the assembling of the stars in "Lady Be Blowed!"—a broad rather than convulsive burlesque of Edwardian musical comedy—hopes are raised which its easy-going fatuities hardly fulfil. Such happy-go-lucky fun may suit (or not trammel) some of the players, but it leaves others to make bricks without straw.

While it gives Miss St. Helier opportunity to exploit her cleverness and versatility, it fails on the whole to discountenance its period model. One feels, indeed, that a page or two from the original script might have given the company more scope for pertinent mockery than does this incontinent travesty.

Who has not sat through revue programmes, hoping against hope; programmes that, far from raising the spirits, progressively lower them? A graph of one's pleasure in such entertainments would show, at best, slight deviations from the norm, and, at the worst, a steady decline. These sad but sprightly little depressants are never (though how aptly they might be) entitled: "Hope Deferred."

The Land of Smiles (Lyric)

THE first-night audience assembled at the Lyric Theatre to enjoy the revival of Harry Graham's version of Franz Lehar's operetta, *The Land of Smiles*, suffered no such deflation of spirits. Hope was deferred, it is true, but deliberately, confidently deferred (as it used to be in the nursery) for the deeper enjoyment of the second act *bonne-bouche*, "You Are My Heart's Delight!"

When Mr. Richard Tauber, as Prince Sou Chong, approached that longed-for aria, the



Ronald Frankau and Renee Roberts

Husband and wife in a sketch
"Ladies In The Forces"

house was as happily tense as the crowd at a race meeting when the favourite nears the post. And Mr. Tauber, knowing every inch of the course and what was expected of him, did not disappoint.

He sang that *cri-de-cœur* as the composer may have dreamed of having it sung; and it was applauded as he himself knew it would be. Again and again, with infinite variety, he repeated the refrain, which the audience, in common with the rest of the world, knew by heart. He sang it plain; he sang it purl. He trumpeted it fortissimo; he caressed it pianissimo, fluted it in falsetto, and finessed it in French—ringing the changes on sentiment and melody with the cunning delight of a virtuoso who knows to a whisper just what he is doing and the pleasure he is giving.

This heart-felt operetta has other passionate passages and romantic numbers, to which Mr. Tauber and Miss Josie Fearon do full operatic justice. The recitative is explicit, and the sub-heroic and serio-comedy relief are agreeably sung and enacted by Mr. Charles Gillespie and Miss Hella Kurty.



Wilfred Hyde White

Debonair as usual in
"A Matter Of Form"



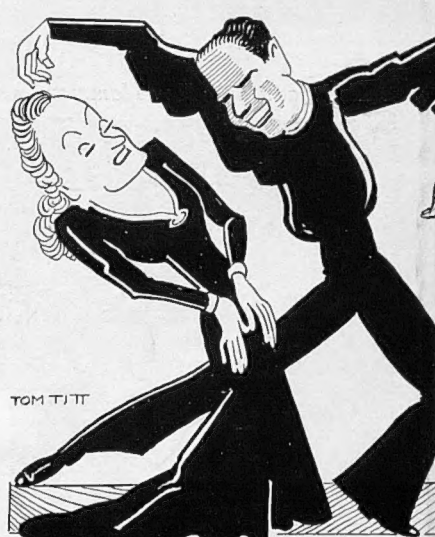
Carole Lynne

Blonde and lovely as ever sings
"I Want a Degree In Love"



Ivy St. Helier

Laments "Miss Miller
Teaches Privately"



Magda Kun and Robert Lindon

Sing and dance dramatically in
"Love Walks At Night"

“The Gold Rush” Is To Be Revived

Charlie Chaplin Adds
Words and Music



It is over sixteen years now since we saw Charlie Chaplin in *The Gold Rush* in this country. It is being revived because Chaplin believes that the world at this moment needs laughter more than it ever did before. "People to-day," he says, "don't want stories of futility, of heartache, disappointment and frustration; they need the sunshine and release of laughter." Chaplin's most brilliant comedy, brought up to date by the addition of words and music, written by Chaplin himself, will be revived at the London Pavilion on the 12th of this month. The teen-age youngsters of to-day who know Charlie Chaplin only as "The Great Dictator" will be given the chance of judging for themselves the power and pathos of the world's greatest comedian, covering the whole field of comedy, from the most arrant slapstick to the most delicate satire; the little man with the baggy pants, the too-tight coat, the derby, the moustache, the cane—the stooge, not for any individual, but for the vagaries of fate itself—the little man with romantic hunger, for ever seeking romance, if only his feet wouldn't get in the way. Chaplin fans will remember the complete waiter in *Modern Times* manœuvring a dance floor, a piled-up tray at a highly precarious angle; the weaving, bobbing, ducking and jabbing boxer of *City Lights*; the dexterity of the Oceana Roll in *The Gold Rush* itself when Charlie, with two buns, a fork stuck in each, does a dance on the tablecloth with such incomparable finesse, such outstanding artistry, that it remains in memory over the years an unforgettable masterpiece. Alexander Woolcott, the original "Man Who Came to Dinner," said of Chaplin, "His like has not passed this way before, and we shall not see his like again!" Chaplin fans—and there are still many of them—will agree with Woolcott

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Close Friends

THE Prime Minister goes off on his third historic voyage to America. Mrs. Churchill bids him good-bye at 10, Downing Street. Once departed, Mrs. Churchill does not hear from him again while he is over on the other side. An arrangement was made between them when he first took office that when he is away from London, especially, of course, if he is out of the country, he does not communicate with her. Besides security reasons, this enables Mr. Churchill to devote all his time, all day and often far into the night, to the gigantic problems he has to discuss with President Roosevelt and other chiefs. Close friends of both men on both sides of the Atlantic marvel at the complete understanding and appreciation of each other's point of view on which the firm friendship between the great democratic leaders is based. There is no one, they say, who gets on so well with Mr. Churchill as Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Roosevelt signs his letters to Mr. Churchill, "a former naval friend"—both of them having held the equivalent office in the two countries during World War I.

First Flight

ANOTHER celebrity also went over the water. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, at the age of sixty-two, courageously made the first air trip in her life. One of her oldest friends has had the pleasure of acting as her Majesty's hostess during her stay in Canada—Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, whose husband is Governor-General of the Dominion, and who is a first cousin of the Queen of the Netherlands. Their mothers were the two lovely sister Princesses of Waldeck Pyrmont, one of whom married Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany, and the other who became Queen Emma of the Netherlands. For many years there has been a close friendship between the royal cousins, heightened by the fact that Princess Alice learned to speak Dutch as well as Afrikaans fluently before she went out to South Africa with the Earl of Athlone in 1924.

The Princess has been like a second mother to Princess Juliana since she arrived in Canada.

The secret of Queen Wilhelmina's departure was well kept, and Prince Bernhard is attending to her Majesty's duties in her absence. Politicians and people in social circles are much impressed by the breadth and depth of his grip on the war situation, and the clarity of his views on the struggle that lies before us. All sections of the Dutch colony are fond of him now, although at one time they were apt to view him with slight coldness because of his German parentage.

Canteen Gathering

MR. ANTHONY EDEN was in very good spirits when he came to pick up his wife at the cocktail party given by her and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook at the All Services Canteen Club at 12, Upper Grosvenor Street. There was a crowd of Allied officers—American, Polish, Swedish and Norwegian. Mrs. Littlejohn Cook has been running the canteen for the past two and a half years. She lives on the premises, and has spent some exciting nights there, with bombs dropping uncomfortably close on many occasions; but, in spite of broken windows and blasted walls, the canteen has never closed, and has provided an enormous amount of comfort, and good food, for men in every Service. Guests helped to make the party a gay affair by wearing bright colours. Flowered caps were in the limelight. Lady McLean wore one of blue hyacinths; Lady Marie Legh one of pink; and Lady Hodder-Williams one of blue and mauve sweet peas. Mrs. Eden looked as spick and span as ever in a black suit and white muslin blouse. She told me she was having some of her Coronation Year frocks cut up into blouses. Mrs. John Winant wore a black coat over a brilliant red dress. Admiral Stark, Admiral Kirk, Captain Jacobsen, Count Oxenstierna, Lord Leverhulme, Mr. Noel Coward, Count John McCormack and Sir Arthur Bromley (a member of the club's finance committee) were among the many distinguished guests present.



Party at the All Services Canteen Club

Mrs. Anthony Eden (President) and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook (founder and chairman of the All Services Canteen Club) entertained Allied officers recently at 12, Upper Grosvenor Street. The Club has been open for two and a half years and has done excellent work for men of every Service. The cheerful group above shows Admiral Kirk, U.S.A. Naval Attaché; Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, Admiral Stark, Commander of the United States Naval Forces in European waters; Mrs. Anthony Eden, Mr. Noel Coward and Captain Jacobsen, the Norwegian Naval Attaché



Home From Unoccupied France

Lady Furness, the former Enid Lindeman, of Sydney, Australia, has arrived in London from the Riviera, where she has been living since the war began. With her is her sixteen-year-old daughter, Patricia Cavendish, child of a previous marriage to Brig.-General Frederick Cavendish, who died in 1931. Her younger son, Caryl Cavendish, aged fifteen, is at Eton

A Family Affair

THERE was a happy little family gathering for tea at 41, Upper Brook Street, after the christening of Mrs. Guy Russell's baby son at St. George's, Hanover Square. He was named Oliver Henry, and is Captain and Mrs. Russell's second son. His paternal grandmother, the Dowager Lady Amptill, was there, as well as his mother's parents, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Sir Odo and Lady Russell, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Wyatt, Lord and Lady Amptill, and the Hon. Janet Blade. The two families both contributed to the young man's christening attire. His robe came from the Blade family and his cloak from the Russell. The godparents were Squadron Leader the Hon. Edward Russell, Colonel the Hon. Leopold Russell, and Mrs. Richard Wyatt, the baby's aunt, who is one of Lord and Lady Ebbisham's three daughters.

Boomerang Club

THIS is a beautifully-run young institution in Australia House: three months old, but with nothing to learn about organisation, which doesn't interfere with a delightfully free and happy atmosphere. All Australians, male or female, in uniform are eligible to be full members, and men guests in the Forces of other nations may be brought in and made honorary members, but the women may only be Australian.

Many of the staff (voluntary except in the kitchen) are members of the Australian Women's Voluntary Services, but they are helped by 50 per cent. Free French, Russians, Belgians, etc.

Mrs. Delmar-Morgan is in charge of the personnel; Miss Marie McKinnon does the catering for the excellent snack-bar; her sister, Mrs. Troy, wife of the Agent-General of Australia, is another of the able workers; so is Mrs. Borgioli, wife of Dino Borgioli, the famous tenor; also Mrs. Macnamara, wife of the celebrated Air Vice-Marshal V.C.; Mrs. Veronica Parsons, the Australian singer; Mrs. Duncan, wife of the newly-appointed Dominions Secretary; Mrs. Lionel Logue, whose husband is notable as a voice specialist; Mrs. Bruce, head of the whole A.W.V.S., and wife of the new Cabinet Minister; Mrs. Goodman; and Mrs. Isaac Jones, wife of the famous specialist.

More Amenities

LUNCHES and dinners are to be had downstairs, as well as more than adequate meals in the snack-bar. A sample three-course shilling lunch consisted of soup, steak-and-kidney pie with two vegetables, and nice stodgy pudding with custard. Waffles are a speciality of the snack-bar, much indulged in with syrup and ice-cream. Among the remarkably various choices are salads, sandwiches, and marvellous home-made cakes.



Country Christening in Essex

Five-weeks-old Charles David Stancomb is seen with his father and mother, Major and Mrs. David Stancomb, after his recent christening. He is the grandson of Brigadier J. F. Harter, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Harter, of Langham, near Colchester. Major Stancomb and Major H. T. Mogg (one of the baby's godparents) were Whips to the Colchester Garrison Beagles for many years.

Members have lockers, there is a cinema on the premises, they can play billiards, cards, or the piano at will, have hot baths, or secrete themselves in scientifically-made gas-proof chambers in emergency.

This part of Australia House (the rest is largely offices) is very handsome, sturdy with Australian marble, its carving agleam with real gold leaf, its panelling glossy Australian wood, and its furniture, which was specially made for the Coronation, as good as can be.

Working in Munition Factories

BOTH mother and daughter, Mrs. Richard Norton and Miss Sarah Norton, work in munition factories. Out of five thousand workers, Mrs. Norton was one of the twelve workers chosen to be on the joint production committee in a Southern county factory. She is the only woman member. Mrs. Norton is the eldest daughter of Sir David Kinloch. She has been a full-time worker in a factory for over a year as a machine operator. Other

pre-war social personalities who entered factories voluntarily some time ago are Mrs. Peter Thursby; Mrs. Paul Willert (Lord Cowdray's sister), Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill and Miss Barbara Scott. Miss Scott is working at a factory in the country as a draughtsman, and lives in a small hotel in a nearby town.

Brave Girl

LADY CECILIA FITZROY, the fair and pretty daughter of the late Duke of Grafton, is hard-working and courageous. In Edinburgh she works for the W.V.S. in her spare time, and also as confidential secretary to a scientist who is making secret experiments. During one of these Lady Cecilia was very seriously gassed, and had to spend three weeks in bed. After this she took a short holiday of three days in London, on one of which she lunched in the May Fair, with some American officers from the U.S. Embassy. Work again at 9 a.m. the following Sunday morning!

Other May Fair-ers were Lord Burghley, Sir John and Lady Milbanke, lunching together, and, glimpsed going into their wedding reception, Lord Northampton and his new Marchioness. Also Jack and Daphne Barker, who are busy arranging an all-Australian star concert to be broadcast—he is Australian. She was looking very cute, with a new hair-do, and a dress which she had painted herself with scenes from *Get a Load of This*.

Huntin', Fishin' and Shootin' in London

NEWSREEL cameras risked their increasingly precious lives in boats on the Serpentine when official fishing there was officially started.

Sir Jocelyn Lucas first thought of making this a possible useful pastime, having noticed people with rods and lines being turned away. He went to Mr. George Hicks (Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works and Buildings) about it, and was told that it was necessary for fifty M.P.s to sign a petition, which must then lie for thirty Parliamentary days in the House of Commons. The required fifty were easily whipped up, and the Anglers' Association, composed of 172 London fishing clubs (about 8000 members), came forward in enthusiastic support. But by the time all that had happened last year, only twenty-five Parliamentary days (in the same session) were left, so it is not until now that the desired thirty have been consecutive.

However, prolonged anticipation did no harm, and during it, Lord Reith, Minister of

(Concluded on page 24)



The Marquess of Northampton and His Bride

The Marquess of Northampton was married in London recently to Miss Virginia Heaton, daughter of Mr. David R. Heaton, of Crownhill, Devon. Miss Heaton met the Marquess when she was working as a member of the Women's Land Army at Castle Ashby.



Married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Square

The wedding of Lieut. Harry Leslie Ian Kindersley and Mrs. Nancy Furlong, widow of Lieut. Robert Furlong, R.N., and daughter of Mr. R. T. O'Neill Remwick, of Brisbane, Australia, took place in Chelsea.



Empire Fayre at the Dorchester in Aid of Empire Societies War Hospitality Funds

The Empire Fayre was a great success and the very gay side-shows attracted large numbers of people willing to spend their money in a good cause. Many well-known artists gave their services and helped to make the party a very happy time for everyone there. Seen above are Mrs. R. F. Nation, Mrs. Mayhew (chairman of the Empire Fayre Committee), Lady Hacking and Major Charlton.



The Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Miss Eva Sandford, opened the Fayre and was delighted when she was successful in winning a prize at one of the side-shows. Auctioneering, which went on practically continuously, brought in quite a considerable sum to swell the Societies' Hospitality Funds. The Duchess's bouquet raised nearly £30.



On the stone steps at Cowdray. A peaceful sleep is enjoyed by R.A.F. (the spaniel), and by the younger Miss Pearson in her mother's arms, while the elder Miss Pearson keeps Horsa and Helga under control for the photographer

Teresa Pearson looks serious while being photographed with her mother and baby sister. Liza, though not so old, seems less impressed by the camera

Life in the Country

Lord Cowdray's Wife and Daughters
at Cowdray Park



Cowdray Park, Midhurst





Left : Lady Cowdray and Teresa get about the grounds in a small cart. The pony wears four white stockings—for which no coupons are required

*Photographs by
Swaebe*

Below : "She loves me, she loves me not." Teresa waits anxiously for the answer, while Lady Cowdray does the blowing

Lord Cowdray, whose charming wife and two small daughters are shown on these pages, succeeded his father in 1933 as the third Viscount. Three years ago he married Lady Anne Bridgeman, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, and sister of Lady Abdy. Their daughters, Mary Teresa, who is a goddaughter of the Princess Royal, is two years old, and Liza Jane, born in March this year, had the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Brougham and Vaux as godmothers at her christening in May. Lord Cowdray was formerly a captain in the Royal Artillery, and was very severely wounded and lost an arm at Dunkirk. In September 1941 he was appointed Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary of State for Air. He and his wife live at Cowdray Park, Midhurst, and his place in Scotland is Dunecht, Aberdeenshire



Teresa has grown out of the pram stage. She now prefers her mother to push her in the wheelbarrow



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

No man but a blockhead," said that great Englishman Dr. Samuel Johnson—would he were alive!—"ever wrote, except for money." Which dictum throws a soft, diffused light on the 132 letters a day a British infantry prisoner in Germany has been getting since, as his camp-leader complained to the Red Cross, he "drew attention to himself as a lonely soldier," thereby causing his comrades' mail from home to be held up, and a lot of language.

One is apt to wonder how many of these 132 letters are dictated by (1) pure human kindness, and (2) that curious public itch for self-expression (gratis) which we professional inky boys can never understand. A third motive, which led the military authorities some time ago to ban a myriad self-elected "pen-pals," does not apply in this case. It would be interesting to know how many military secrets were extracted in this way and sped Berlin-ward in those far-off days, and how many eager home-girls, refined, fond of flowers and music and sympathy and asking artless girlish questions about guns and troop movements, turned out to be chaps with bristly chins and furtive eyes, and were slung into the can.

Slip

INEVITABLY there must have been slip-ups. A classic one we remember often is that of Miss Evans, known to Literature as

George Eliot, employed by the Russian Secret Service during the Crimean War and caught by our Intelligence in Japanese costume, passing herself off as Hon. Miss Summer Moonlight On Old Flaked Rice, a geisha from Kobe. "My mistake, boys, it's the wrong war," said the big girl frankly. She was just 40 years too early for the siege of Port Arthur, which just shows you.

Contretemps

CEASING to be Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Lang ceased to be *ex officio* Visitor of All Souls, which College has now elected him an Honorary Fellow. Apropos these doings, we asked an academic chap last week what would happen if any Visitor took a sudden dislike to the Warden or Master and Fellows of a given College and refused stubbornly to visit them.

He said this would get Alma Mater, so to speak, right on the button and wither every apple in the Scintial Orchard. He said every Senior Common Room in the University would buzz with conjecture and evil gossip, and falsetto piping and giggles would drown the click of dentures, the clink of glasses, and the normal babble of sophistries in those brabbling-shops. The sign against the Evil Eye would be seen everywhere. They might have to close the college concerned and mark its outer doors with a cross in red chalk and the words "Lord, have mercy on us." If more Visitors



William Scully

"Darling, this is our last night together; to-morrow my hay fever starts"

took the same decision it might be necessary to rebuild the long-vanished University prison of Bocardo (so called from a figure in Scholastic Logic out of which it was very difficult for the reasoner to get) and cram it with twittering dons, very pale, very indignant, very frightened, but still preserving a carefully detached viewpoint.

He said finally that the old leprosy laws might also have to be revived, and dignified hooded figures would be seen prowling the outskirts in sackcloth gowns, sounding a clacket, crying "Unclean!" and holding a wooden dish for charitable offerings. These possibilities awed and appalled this chap so much that he laughed like fifty cows.

Test

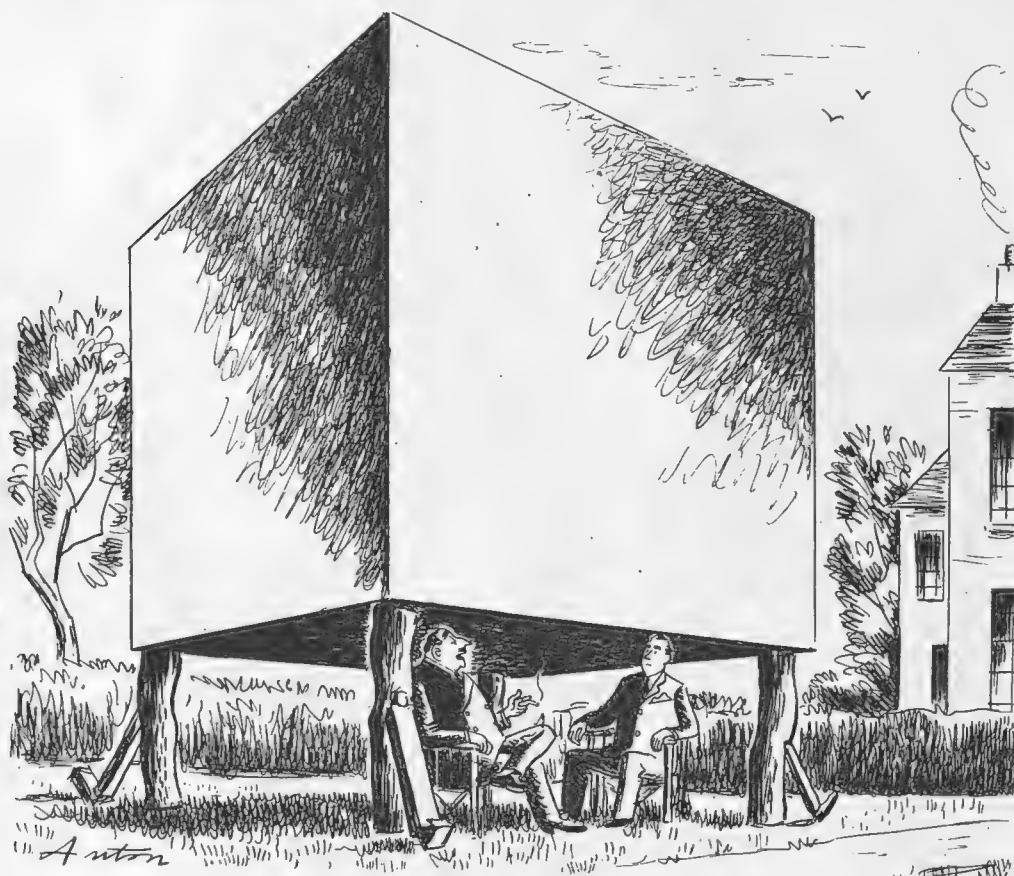
GLASS for scientific purposes as good as and better than the long-celebrated Jena products of Zeiss, Goerz, and Leitz is now being made in this country, we were pleased to observe from the *Times*, on the very day we saw a rustic innkeeper weep uncouth rural tears for his diminishing stock of half-pints.

What a famine in unscientific glass means to civilised man you can test easily by drinking a little Burgundy, if there is any Burgundy, first out of fine old glass, Waterford or Bealek or Bristol, and then out of pewter or a china teacup. The best test is a Romanée-Conti, for we need hardly remind you that the grapes used for Romanée-Conti are selected with anxious care and singly, like pearls. Why anything but glass should make the finest wine on earth taste so abominable we've never found any vinous expert to tell us. Why that Roman Emperor in the legend had the inventor of an unbreakable glass put to death is another mystery, unless he had shares in Ajax Glassware, Ltd.

Footnote

ONE thing about a glass shortage is that it curbs mankind's desire to go whimsy with glass and make terrible fancy ornaments and fal-lals, such as the blown-glass wig of Dr. Lettsom, an eighteenth-century eccentric; and the cut-glass legs a colonel of ours with wild blue eyes had in World War I. Or at least he swore so to the medical

(Concluded on page 14)



"And if they start again—well, I'm told that 15 foot of concrete is proof even against direct hits"



Augustus John, O.M., R.A.

The Most Colourful Personality
In The World of British Art

Mr. Augustus John was honoured by the King last month, when the Order of Merit was conferred on him as a special distinction for eminent service. The Order of Merit, limited in number to twenty-four, was instituted by King Edward VII. in 1902, and may be awarded to men and women eminent in any sphere—art, war, science or literature. With Professor Edgar Adrian, upon whom the O.M. has also been conferred, Mr. Augustus John has joined a distinguished company which includes Field Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Cyril Newall, Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Ralph Vaughan Williams and Professor Gilbert Murray. Mr. Augustus John, who is sixty-four this year, is a portrait and decorative painter and etcher of great eminence. The Queen is known to be an admirer of his work. Several of his portraits hang in the royal collection of modern English artists (which includes the work of Sickert, Duncan Grant and Wilson Steer), now put away in places of safety for the duration, and it is known that John has on more than one occasion guided her Majesty in making a selection of contemporary art. His latest work, exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, is a portrait of Lord Caldecote, the former Sir Thomas Inskip, Lord Chief Justice of England

Photographs by Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.



Standing By ...

(Continued)

authorities before they removed him Home. Maybe this was just as well, good glass legs being rare.

Nut

PROFESSOR JOHN G. ABIZAID of Boston, Mass., says the earth is flat and proves it with an instrument like a plate; and to our sincere surprise the Fleet Street boys thought the Professor worth ten lines of their extremely straitened space, as if nobody had heard of the Flat Earth nuts before.

Kipling's rather noisy story, *The Village That Voted The Earth Was Flat*, which we've just looked up in your behalf, is madly improbable in some ways and true to reality in others. Like the Americans, the Island Race breeds peculiar sects as a dead mule breeds maggots, and Kipling's Flat Earthites are typical enough. The unreal characters are the Press magnate, the star actress, the West End impresario, and especially the hamfaced British Public, which is naïve enough, God knows, but not quite so naïve as Kipling makes it in this yarn. Our admiration for that master-craftsman is constantly tempered by wonder at the way he will sometimes make a very tiny joke and burst into welkin-rending roars of laughter and horseplay over it (cf. *Brugglesmith*, the World's Least Funny Comic Story, in our deplorable view).

Riposte

THE Flat Earth boys need either a more poetic or a more ironic satirist: Chesterton or Anatole France, Evelyn Waugh or Rose Macaulay. The Great Pyramid boys are better fun, and more comic still are the Baconians, to whom in their fury the present Editor of *Punch* made that pleasing amende: "We admit there is no proof that Bacon ever took bribes. We only know he said he did."

Bouquet

LORD VANSITTART's timely warning about the "English pseudo-intellectuals" who

are already beginning to weep and snivel for the poor Germans, as before, reminds us that chaps who need a handy synonym for these high-browed Bloomsbury cretins have only to turn up Urquhart's translation of Rabelais' *Gargantua*, where they will find the bakers of Lerne describing Gargantua's shepherds as:

Pratling gabblers, lickorous gluttons, freckled bitters, mangie rascals, slie knaves, drowsie loiterers, slapsauce fellows, slabberdegullion druggels, lubbardsy lowts, cozening foxes, paultrie customers, sycophant varlets, drawlatch hoydons, flouting milksops, staring clowns, forlorn snakes, ninnie lobcocks, scurvie sneaksbies, fondling fops, base lowns, sawcie coxcombs, idle larks, scoffing braggards, noddie meacocks, blockish grutnols, doddipol joltheads, jobbernol goosecaps, foolish loggerheads, slutch calfiollies, grouthead gnatsnappers, lob-dotterels, gaping changelings, codshead loobies, woodcock slangams, ninnhammer flycatchers, and noddiepeak simpletons.

We've left out a few good ones, at that. Ring up Myra and say Mumsie feels much better since she learned to sing this list, and is dancing a coranto in the drawingroom.

Cadenza

GOEBBELS's recent appeal to Berliners for more common politeness is a curious indication of the present state of manners, never very good, in that hideous capital.

Natural Boche yahoodom is undoubtedly increased by having to live in a place like Berlin, even in peace-time. Environment, architectural and cultural influences are obvious. Seville and Bath are more polite than Manchester and Lille, and the manners of a Highland or an Italian peasant are those of born gentlefolk, whereas those of the citizens of any mining town are odious.



"They've been here since one of those cold spells we were supposed to know nothing about"

One of the chaps who started the No-Hat movement at Oxford forty years ago told us once that anybody walking without a hat got regularly stoned in Radstock, not only by burly miners but their sweet tiny offspring. The manners of Paris should be and indeed are admirable; a Parisian will never shove you off a bus-step without murmuring "Oh, pardon!"

Lapse

THEY actually had a Politeness Week in Paris a few years ago. "Rip" made an amusing revue-sketch of its final phase, as the clock ticked off the last moments of Saturday night. The sudden change in his typical Parisian taxi-driver from honeyed charm to tigerish or normal ferocity at 12.01 a.m. we still remember. "Rip" then brought a comedian made up as Chiappe, Prefect of Police, on the stage and made fun of him, which seemed to us terribly rude and un-English, somehow.

Hooey

COMPULSORY education having worked such miracles that citizens can actually write to the papers nowadays praising the "democratic spirit" of Oliver Cromwell, né Williams, Britain's first, Fascist Dictator, abolisher of Parliaments, and butcher of Ireland, it may be the time has come to abolish education and give everybody a toy clockwork bicycle instead.

Leading educationists with whom we discussed this proposal last week are divided on the question of a bell. Our feeling is that a toy clockwork bicycle without a little bell inside is unworthy the attention of a free, proud, democratic people. Some educationists argue that the sudden tinkle-tinkle would needlessly startle and bemuse the Race. Our reply is that if there was a little tin man on the bicycle wearing an M.C.C. tie the Race wouldn't care what shocks you gave it.

... Joad?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Next, please"



Fleet Air Arm Air Gunnery School

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Sub-Lieutenants of the Fleet Air Arm undergo an Air Gunnery Course at a Naval Fighter School before being posted to an Operational Squadron. The pilots' Air Firing Training embraces the exciting sport of loosing off at a cotton-silk sleeve target, towed on a long wire by an aircraft and paid out on a winch, which is visible just behind the member of the crew armed with a saw. When firing ceases the target is drawn in by a propeller, the aircraft (a Blackburn Skua, in this case) flies low over the aerodrome, the target is cut away from a codline lashing just above the sleeve, and the machine is then free to land—all very simple! In this picture, however, the airman has failed to make the cut and the target has become fouled. The towing wire mingles with the Skua's propellers, tears away the starboard wing and gets mixed up with a brace of mobile A.-A. guns. The sleeve itself, meanwhile, has firmly netted a brace of innocent victims



"The Wonderland Ballets" Introduce a Fairyland of Princesses and Potentates, of Magic and Beauty

The "Coeur d'Or" tableau tells the fairy-story of the great Tzar Dodon, who, in order to conquer new lands, makes a deal with a wicked magician. The magician tricks the Tzar by creating a beautiful Persian Princess, who lures him to her tent and persuades him to abandon his plans. When the Tzar is in the power of the Princess, the magician reappears and changes her into a golden cock who pecks the Tzar to death. The picture on the left gives some idea of the magnificent decor. On the right Florence Read is seen as the Persian Princess, with David Davenport as the Tzar Dodon.

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

**"Lieutenant Kije" and
"The Wonderland Ballets"**

Presented by the New Russian Ballet
Company at the Cambridge Theatre

"Kije," which, being translated, means "blot," is an entirely non-existent officer of the Imperial Russian Army. He comes into being as a Lieutenant, the result of an orderly's mistake in an official report, and from that time on is treated as a real being. He is exiled to Siberia, pardoned and promoted, is married, has a daughter, dies a General, and is finally buried with all the pomp due to his high rank. On the left, Florence Read is seen as the Court Lady being crowned in Russian marriage ceremony to her non-existent spouse. Centre, the mad Tzar (Tom Linden) pursues a Court Lady (Diana Gould); and, right, the burial ceremony of the dead General, his widow, veiled in black, entreating her daughter (Pauline Grant) to stop the mischievous beating of a cheerful, but disrespectful, tattoo on the drums of the drummer-boys.

The Court of Paul, the Mad Tzar of Russia, Provides a Surrealist Background for the Real





"Happy Town" has a typically Russian background. Tzar Zaltan has lost his wife and son through the intrigues of three bad women, his wife's sisters. His son, changed into a bumble-bee, torments the three women, and is finally restored to his own shape, bringing his mother back to the joyful Tzar. Marianne Hellerova, Daphne Anderson and Sana Dolsky are seen above as the three bad women

g of a Fantastic Fable



"Magic Mirror" retells the fairy-story of Snow White, as translated by the great Russian national poet, Pushkin. All is well at the royal court till the Magic Mirror proclaims Snow White to be "the fairest in the land." Then, in her jealous rage, the Queen evokes the powers of good and evil, and finally dies in her uncontrollable frenzy. Diana Gould is the wicked Queen; Diana Moyes, her stepdaughter Snow White



The beautiful but wicked Queen (Diana Gould) is reassured of her beauty by the Court blackamoor, danced by Pauline Grant, a clever and attractive little character dancer

Family Pictures



Lafayette

Lady Blake and Her Son

Sir Ulick and Lady Blake's son, Thomas Richard Valentine, was born in January this year. Lady Blake, before her marriage in 1940 to Sir Ulick Blake, Bt., of Menlough, Galway, was Miss Betty Gordon, and is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gordon, of Blundellsands, Lancashire. Sir Ulick is the sixteenth Baronet, and succeeded in 1925 to one of the oldest baronetcies in Ireland—created by James I. He holds a commission in the Royal Artillery, and was formerly in the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards.



Compton Collier

Mrs. Andrew Drummond-Moray and Her Daughters

Formerly Miss Bridget Robertson, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robertson, of Begbroke Place, Oxfordshire, married in 1938 Major Andrew Drummond-Moray, Scots Guards, and has two daughters, Georgina and Alexandra, born in 1939 and 1941. Major Drummond-Moray is the younger son of the late Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Drummond-Moray, of Abercairny, Crieff, and is a grandson of the fourth Baron Kensington.



Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. Peel and Her Children

The wife of Captain David Peel was the Hon. Sara Carola Vanneck, and is Lord and Lady Huntingfield's elder daughter. She was married in 1936, and has a family of three: Jonathan, aged five; Charles, who was born in 1940; and Julia, who is three years old. Captain Peel is the only son of the late Rev. the Hon. Maurice Berkeley Peel, M.C., killed in action in 1917, and is a cousin of Lord Peel.



Compton Collier

Colonel the Hon. Guy Cubitt and His Family

Colonel the Hon. Guy Cubitt, R.A., Lord Ashcombe's youngest son, was formerly in the Royal Dragoon Guards. He married in 1927 Miss Rosamond Cholmeley, daughter of the late Captain Sir Montagu Cholmeley, Bt., of Easton Hall, Grantham. They have a son, Hugh, and two daughters, Sylvia Rosemary and Celia Mary, who were photographed with their parents at their home, Thornden, Cowfold, Sussex.

Country Snapshots



Major Lord Cullen and Miss Valerie Collbran

The marriage of Major Lord Cullen of Ashbourne and Miss Valerie Collbran, only daughter of the late W. H. Collbran and Mrs. Collbran, of Lackford, Inner Park Road, Wimbledon, is to take place at Coleman's Hatch Church, Sussex, to-morrow, July 2nd. Lord Cullen is in the Royal Corps of Signals. He succeeded his father, the first Baron, formerly Sir Brien Ibrican Cokayne, a Governor of the Bank of England, in 1932



Christening of Major and Mrs. John Clowes's Daughter

The infant daughter of Major and Mrs. John Clowes was christened Susan Diana Ruth, in Scropton Parish Church, on June 13th. Major Clowes is the son of Major and Mrs. Ernest Clowes, of Bradley Hall, Derbyshire. His wife is the elder daughter of Mrs. Leonard Hardy, of The Firs, Foston. Guests at the christening (seen above) are Mrs. Leonard Hardy, Major Kay Knowles, a friend in V.A.D. uniform, Major John Clowes, Major Ernest Clowes, Col. H. Bond and Mr. R. Philips. Seated are Mrs. John Clowes, with her daughter, and Mrs. Ernest Clowes



**Flying Officer and Mrs. T. M. Niemeyer
With Their Baby Son**

Andrew James Theodore Niemeyer was christened at St. Margaret's Church, West Hoathly, Sussex, by the Rev. Cyril Valentine. His father, Flying Officer T. M. Niemeyer, is the second son of Sir Otto and Lady Niemeyer, of Cookhams, Sharpthorne, Sussex. Andrew's godparents were Lieut. J. R. T. Niemeyer, R.N.V.R., Mr. P. D. W. Swire, Dr. D. P. Gray, Miss Helen Mathewes and Mrs. D. M. Peachey. Mrs. T. M. Niemeyer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dennis Moss



Agricultural Demonstrations for Farmers at Badminton Park

Her Majesty Queen Mary attended the demonstrations arranged by the sub-committee of the Gloucestershire War Agricultural Executive at Badminton Hall, the home of the Duke of Beaufort, and showed great interest in the hay-trussing exhibit. Queen Mary is seen with the Duke of Beaufort and one of the demonstrators



The Dowager Duchess of Beaufort drove round the estate and watched the various events with the present Duchess (formerly Lady Mary Cambridge) in a smart little horse-drawn landau brought up to date with pneumatic tyres. The Duke of Beaufort is Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire and Master of the King's Horse

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Encore the Eccentric v. the Concentric

THE latter has won again, as it is always bound to do, and as it will in the next round in the Far Eastern theatre of war. We can count ourselves extremely lucky not to have been made to pay a much heavier penalty. Those who have committed this error in a far more aggravated form a long way east of Suez cannot in the end escape the punishment which a total disregard of fundamentals always entails. War, like cards, never forgives. The man who makes the fewest mistakes comes out on top, and I put it that the German General may have made an even bigger mistake than his opposite number and may have missed the substance in his anxiety to catch the shadow.

Mail and Plate

"WELL ARMED was he from head to heel, In mail and plate of Milan steel!" That was probably quite true of that warrior grim, the Lord Marmion; at a time when the steel-pointed arrow and the weapon from which it was projected had not reached that perfection to which later they attained, and had not been supplemented by the bullet projected by villainous saltpetre. Would it be safe to assert that Marmion's successors are as well armed—that is to say, protected—against the projectiles of to-day, even though their steel is a lot thicker and tougher? Is the gun beating the target, or do we still believe, as they did in Marmion's times and for very many years thereafter, that plate is beating the gun? Armour persisted till as late as Waterloo, when both we and the French had heavy cavalry wearing cuirasses in action, and this, speaking subject to correction, was the end of a period. The bullet which pierced the cuirass created a dreadful wound. And now we are back at armour again, and it may well be that, in view of the rapidly-advancing power of the gun, we are in sight of the end of

another period. I wonder whether we who sit at home at our ease think sufficiently of what happens to the human element in a modern armoured battle, or of the ghastly details connected with the extrication of a wounded "knight" from his cuirass? We shall, no doubt, continue exactly as was done in the past to hope to make the armour beat the projectile: but, dispassionately viewed, ashore, afloat and in the air, can we say that it is doing so?

Kultur in Jersey

IT is not possible, for reasons which cannot be stated, to give any indication of the source of the details which will follow concerning the plight of the unfortunate inhabitants of Jersey now under German rule, and all that can be stated is that the information is quite authentic and comparatively recent. The privations to which the people of Jersey are being subjected are very severe, and though it is realised that the recital of them will give pain to all who may have relations or friends in the Channel Islands, I feel that it is necessary that the facts should be made known. The milk allowance is half a pint per week per head, nothing extra being allowed for children. The Germans take the bulk for butter-making and export the results to their own accursed country. There is no tea, coffee, sugar or soap, and there has been none since the Germans moved in. There is no coal and the ration of wood fuel, mostly green, is quite inadequate. The people are allowed to buy 5d. worth of meat (when any left by the Germans) per week per head. Fishing is controlled, and the bulk of the catch is commandeered by the enemy. The bread is made with barley and maize and is almost uneatable. Put quite bluntly, the enemy is starving our people to death, and has been doing so quite deliberately ever since the occupation. And



D. R. Stuart

The R.A.F. Beat Gloucester

Gloucester played their first county match since the war against the R.A.F. Wing Commander W. S. Dailey, Secretary of the R.A.F. Sports Board, Mr. Leslie Boyce, M.P., and Flight Lieut. A. E. R. Gilligan watched the match together



The Army Beaten at Lord's

The R.A.F. beat the Army by seven wickets. The Airmen, captained by S/Ldr. W. J. Edrich (left), knocked off 243 runs in 2 hours 20 minutes. The Army was captained by Lt. M. J. Turnbull (right)



Pilot Officer R. E. S. Wyatt

Pilot Officer R. E. S. Wyatt, who captained England against Australia in pre-war days, played for the R.A.F. He and Sergeant G. Washbrook made a splendid partnership, displaying every manner of scoring stroke. Wyatt made a useful 70 not out



Lieut.-Col. Richard Charteris walked round with Lady Nugent, the wife of Sir Walter Nugent, a member of the Irish Turf Club and a well-known Irish owner. Colonel Charteris (whose home is Cahir Park, Co. Tipperary) is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron



Racing at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Interested spectators taking a short rest between races were Captain Lord Holmpatrick, D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Holmpatrick. Lord Holmpatrick is an ex-joint-Master of the Meath Hounds. In 1925 he married Lady Edina Hope, the Marquess of Conyngham's daughter



Len Harvey Knocked Out by Freddie Mills at Tottenham

This picture shows Sergeant Freddie Mills delivering the punch that knocked Harvey out of the ring in the second round of the British and Empire Light Heavy-Weight titles at Tottenham. After 3 minutes 58 seconds of actual fighting, Pilot Officer Harvey (the holder) was knocked out by a left swing which sent him through the ropes. This is the first time Harvey has been counted out in more than 400 fights. Mills is now a triple champion



In Aid of the Red Cross

Squadron Leader C. E. Malfroy, D.F.C., the New Zealand Davis Cup player and Cambridge tennis Blue, took part in the exhibition lawn tennis matches at Queen's Club in aid of the Red Cross. He is seen arriving with his wife

yet we find some people ready to tell us that we are only fighting Hitler.

Remounts?

As there is to be no more N.H. racing for the duration, so far as we know, it might be a sound thing for the out-of-work jumpers to be bought up by the Government and turned over to the experts at Weedon to be converted into war-horses. Remounting is sometimes difficult, but it is not impossible. Colonel Robin Buxton, who recently wrote a letter to *The Times* on this subject, incidentally, is in about the same class as a horseman as another distinguished Rifleman, the late Fred Lawrence, which is to say very first-class indeed, and that is why I say that he knows what he is talking about. Cavalry is being used with such good effect in Russia that perhaps our friends might be glad of some remounts.

To-day's Gold Cup

IF there is anything in public form, the best I friend that we could take racing with us to-day is Mr. R. C. Dawson's honest fighter Mazarin. He has capped his win in the Dorchester Stakes (1 mile 6 furlongs) at Salisbury on June 6th by winning another race at the same course over the same distance, the Quidhampton Plate, much more easily, despite the fact that he had a field of better class behind him, the cream of it being represented by Owen Tudor, winner of last year's Derby, and at the time of writing still favourite for to-day's Gold Cup! I do not know what other people may think of this colt's performance or whether they consider it genuine; if it was, then he is not good enough to win; if it was not, then we cannot trust him. I think that, viewed by past events, his running must be under suspicion, to put it no higher. He had, of course, a real crusher, 9 st. 10 lb., on his back, and he was not persevered with when it was obvious that victory was beyond his grasp, but his running here, and elsewhere, does not encourage a belief that he has any stomach for a long fight, and to-day he has 2½ miles before him. Whatever wants to win will have to take on a very dour champion in Mazarin, and I cannot see Owen Tudor as the principal challenger. Unless all this recent battle-fighting has taken the edge off Mazarin, he must be the best bet in the race. I think he may be difficult to back, and this being so, it might be an easier path to wealth to have an each-way wager on Chateau Larose. Personally, I should like to say Dancing Time, but on recent running with Mazarin, wherever the pair finish, he must be in front of

her, for she seems to have gone back just as much as he has come on. I believe that they are going to back the runner-up in the Oaks, Afterthought. She is bred to stay for ever, but I do not think that her chance works out on the book. I think most people might hesitate before backing even Sun Chariot to-day, if she were engaged, and how much is it computed that the King's filly is in front of Afterthought?

A Behar Memory

SOMEONE who served with him kindly writes to put me straight about a recent mention of a friend who used to be very well known in the Behar Light Horse, dear little Joey Springfield. He was killed in the First Hun War and not in South Africa, as I said. I lost touch after South Africa, and my usually good memory played me false, though now I do recall the facts.

Here is my correspondent's letter, which I am sure will interest any old B.L.H. and Queen's Bay:

He went to the Boer War with the Behar Light Horse contingent in Lumsden's Horse, but did not return to India with that regiment, having received a commission in the Queen's Bays. He was a very successful gentleman rider in India and South Africa, and won races also in England. He was a good man after a pig and at polo. He was the backbone of the Queen's Bays' polo for many years. G. P. O. (Joey) Springfield was commanding his squadron in August 1914 when his regiment went to France. He was killed very soon after in Belgium, leading his squadron.

About 1907, when he was A.D.C. to Sir Hamilton Gould Adams, he caused the first cheer I heard given by the then very undemonstrative Johannesburg race crowd. At three successive meetings he had come to grief on a horse of his own. At the fourth try, after the horse had very nearly again fallen, he won and got the good reception his grit had earned. He never rode much in England, but was second in the Grand Military once.

If . . .

A GREAT authority has stated that "If is your only peace-maker." I am here and now suggesting that at this moment If is your only war-maker. "If Blank is given the direction of the show we can win in short order." That is a remark recently made by a very observant person, and I think that few of us, even if not very observant, would need many guesses as to whom is meant. The kind of steed we want at the present juncture to jump the big fences is one with eyes in his feet and a fifth leg to spare.



M. D. Deloford and Miss Jean Nicoll

Pilot Officer M. D. Deloford, home on leave from the Middle East, partnered Miss Jean Nicoll in a winning match against Sub.-Lieut. E. R. Ivory, R.N.V.R., and Miss M. E. Lumb at Queen's the same afternoon



Lady Crosfield and Mr. Nigel Sharpe

Lady Crosfield is chairman of the tennis sub-committee of the sports committee of the Red Cross. Widow of Sir Arthur Crosfield, Bt., she is an energetic worker for charity, and is seen talking over the afternoon's arrangements with 'Mr. Nigel Sharpe,' a Davis Cup player

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Long Way Home

"HER adventures," one says too often, "would fill a book." In Mrs. Lella Secor Florence we have a lady to whom this does really apply. In fact, Mrs. Florence's adventures within one year (not to speak of the thoughts that these inspired) could have filled volumes: one must commend Mrs. Florence for having kept herself down to one. Her style, though so apparently free and vivacious, must have more economy than at first appears. She should know about writing, for she is a journalist. Though one may find *My Goodness! My Passport* (George Allen and Unwin; 8s. 6d.) doubtfully sympathetic, one cannot complain that it has a dull page.

The contents (so far as happenings go) of *My Goodness! My Passport* are helpfully summarised inside the book's wrapper. Mrs. Florence, with her husband, Professor P. Sargent Florence (to whom she refers throughout as "My don"), went to Egypt just before France fell, expecting to be gone six weeks. They spent eleven months and travelled half-way round the world before they got back to their home in England via America.

The object of the departure into Egypt was not, this being wartime, a frivolous one. Mrs. Florence's don had been invited by the Egyptian Government to go out there for a couple of months to advise them about reorganising a University department. And Mrs. Florence did not propose to idle: she was busy revising Mr. Norman Himes's American book, *Happy Marriage*, for English readers. These two very worthy preoccupations either kept Professor and Mrs. Florence from noticing the deterioration of the war position in Europe, or made them fail to connect the Axis successes with a very possible threat to their route home. As it was, they had to make a dash for the last boat. Their dash was considerably impeded by a very large object, called Arabella, as to whose exact nature I remained vague—I take it that Arabella was a cabin trunk. And their Egyptian friends, relentlessly graceful, heaped them with floral tributes at the last moment.

In spite of all this, and worse, the couple just made the Excalibur. Happily, theirs were American passports—for the ship was bound not for England but for America. Mrs. Florence could have wept, and her don was equally sorry, but there it was. Willy-nilly, they must revisit—if they ever arrived there—the country of their birth. Their English home near Birmingham, with its lake, their sons, their circle of friends, must continue to await them—perhaps indefinitely. They might now have to see out the war in America. However, they hoped not—and their hopes were justified. Mrs. Florence's personality, in the end, proved too much for the Washington passport authorities. But I anticipate.

The Excalibur's trip looked like being a very

risky affair. There appeared to be not enough lifeboats, and one had to envisage every emergency. "Nothing would induce me, I determined, to leave my don, and if the worst came to the worst, we'd go down together as we had lived—with a merry shout." However, it did not come to this: the Excalibur sailed into port past the Statue of Liberty, and Mrs. Florence's merry shout was preserved for two continents and the readers of her engaging book.

The second part of *My Goodness! My Passport* is about the stay in America. If enforced, this was far from useless. While her don contacted, or was contacted by, universities, Mrs. Florence indefatigably lectured, talked and observed. Her purpose, which—seriously—was admirable, was to widen the bridge of understanding between America and England. In the best possible faith, she worked to make England comprehensible (or, at least, a degree less incomprehensible) to America and, in particular, to the American women's clubs. She also, in so far as this was consistent with frankness, did her best to show England in the most pleasing light.

The Old and the New

I AM prepared, and gladly prepared, to take it that Mrs. Florence knows America well. As far as I can judge, her knowledge of England (country of her adoption since her marriage) is a little limited by her own ideas. On almost all English subjects she shares the viewpoint of the rather more jolly intelligentsia. She believes in sane sex life, moderate revelry, Frigidaires, better breaks for women, abolition



Rosalind Maingor

Mr. F. J. Mortimer, C.B.E.

Photography is represented in this year's Birthday Honours in the person of Mr. F. J. Mortimer, past president of the Royal Photographic Society, who received the C.B.E. For forty years editor of "The Amateur Photographer," his writings and pictures are internationally famous. He was the British representative of photography at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933, and organised an exhibition of British photography in Paris in 1938

of class prejudice (and, if possible, class), free-for-all, frank discussions, and so on. She believes in blowing cobwebs away. She appears to me unwilling to recognise that a certain cobwebbiness is part of the English nature. One could

not reconstruct this country so thoroughly as Mrs. Florence appears to hope and desire without emptying it of the English. We may rebuild on a much better plan—but let us face it that we must use the old bricks.

Mrs. Florence had seen what was wrong with Egypt, too. She likes the yashmak, and all it stands for, as little as she likes the old school tie. This was her second morning in Cairo: "While my don went to the University, I wandered about the streets of that most cosmopolitan of all cities, feeling shocked at almost everything that I saw. . . . What ripe fields of labour, I thought energetically, for a well-intentioned busybody like myself who longs to tidy up the world and deliver neatly boxed the kind of happiness I enjoy myself." She adds to her Egyptian chapters a "spritely, but far from approving, brief biography of the Prophet. One wonders how, all the same, Mohammed cut so much ice. She has equally little patience with the "hocus-pocus" once put across by the Pharaohs, though she commends the Queen Hatshepsut as "a fine old sport." She confesses she does not wholly understand Egypt, but still has ideas as to how it could be better arranged. I must say that her theories are interspersed with some useful and interesting hard facts.

(Concluded on page 24)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I AM not in the least surprised that things of great value have

been rescued from salvage. There come moments in most lives, except among incurable hoarders, when the urge to bring existence down to the sheer essentials of a snail's domestic problem becomes irresistible. A kind of drive to destroy, prompted quite often by the exasperation, when exploring junk drawers, of finding everything you don't need, and never the one thing you do!

Incidentally, isn't it queer how easily you can discover just what you want amid muddle; whereas, after the great tidying-up, the thing you seek simply disappears? This, however, doesn't apply to old-junk drawers. The great charm of these is that nearly everything in them has to be examined before, perhaps, you come across the object which you were uncertain might be there. It is this examination which can lend, to some quiet evening, surprising entertainment.

It is, of course, no use hoarding safety-pins, nails, odd bits of ribbon, or suchlike debris, because only when you have thrown these away do you ever require them. That is part of the cynical humour of everyday life. But the things which, years before, you shoved at the back of the drawer, intending to burn them when you had time, can afford, years later, a rich harvest of that best amusement which has a thread of sadness running through its fun.

Old photographs—yourself when very young, for example—old dance-programmes—with half your partners

By Richard King

completely forgotten, even by name—and the rest.

Well, each one has a life-story now, as interesting as any novel, and infinitely more strange. You lay down that little card, and go over all the vicissitudes of their fate as in a dream. Those ancient albums, too, into which you used to place all the picture postcards you ever received, and those you bought as mementoes of past holidays? You reread the message written on the back of them, and are astonished at so much information, urgent at the time, which is now completely forgotten! Moreover, there is entertainment in the pictures themselves; showing so many lovely scenes which to-day are almost unrecognisable, and figures inhabiting these scenes in garments which now look so ridiculous but then were quite the thing.

Yes, indeed, it is strange how amusing, just a little sad, but rarely bitter, these old souvenirs of life can be—say, twenty years after they have become small memories. Long, long ago you threw them carelessly into the junk drawer as of no account whatsoever. You forgot them. Now, when the call for salvage is loud and insistent, your patriotic conscience impels you to sacrifice them for the cause. But, if you are like me, you simply cannot. Another day perhaps. But not now—not when suddenly they have stirred up so many, many memories. Suddenly they have assumed importance. They are like visual illustrations of my own life. So I will salve my conscience therefore by greater earnestness in collecting newspapers and paper bags.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Medcraft—Newton

Lieut. Peter A. Medcraft, R.N., only son of the Rev. and Mrs. P. M. Medcraft, of Bristol and Sheffield, married Elizabeth Maud Newton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Guy Newton, of Norton Green Hall, Sheffield, at Old Norton Church, Chantreyland, Sheffield



Milne Home—Elwes

Captain John Gavin Milne Home, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, son of Sir John and Lady Milne Home, of Irvine House, Canonbie, Dumfriesshire, married Rosemary Honor Croad Elwes, only child of Capt. and Mrs. Godfrey Elwes, of Northgate Grange, Bury St. Edmunds, at All Saints', Farnham



Swift—Bampfylde

Squadron Leader Dean Lenthal Swift, R.A.A.F., younger son of Mr. A. H. Swift, and the late Mrs. Swift, of Melbourne, married Caroline Warwick Bampfylde, daughter of the late Hon. F. W. Bampfylde and Hon. Mrs. Bampfylde, at the Savoy Chapel



MacManus—McAlpine

Niall Leonard MacManus, son of Dr. and Mrs. Desmond MacManus, of 53, Chester Square, S.W., and Fiona McAlpine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McAlpine, of 42, Newbridge Crescent, Wolverhampton, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Watson—Gifford

Captain Peter de Lannly Paxton Watson, The Royal Sussex Regiment, and Eileen Patricia Gifford, daughter of the late Major H. L. Gifford, and of Lady Gooch, were married at Caterham. The bride is the daughter of the late Major H. L. Gifford, and of Lady Gooch



Lane—Phillips

Lieut. George Boaden Lane, The Queen's Royal Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Lane, of The Lawn, Claremont Drive, Esher, married Margaret Phillips, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Phillips, of Clare Hill, Esher, at Christ Church, Esher



Allen—Glynne Percy

Captain Michael Rhys Harvey Allen, Black Watch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Allen, of Stanyards Cottage, Chobham, and Rosemary Carol Glynne Percy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Glynne Percy, of Beacon Hill, Newton Ferrars, S. Devon, were married at the Savoy Chapel



Cameron-Head—Farrell

Francis Somerville Cameron-Head, of Inverailort, Inverness-shire, married Lucretia P. R. A. Farrell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell, of Letter Fearn, Invergarry, at St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus



Wright—Harcourt

Flight Lieut. Allen R. Wright, D.F.C., son of Air Commodore and Mrs. A. C. Wright, of Simla, India, and Barbara W. Harcourt, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Harcourt, of The Gables, Bourne End, Bucks., were married at St. Peter's Catholic Church, Marlow

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

Works and Buildings, was succeeded by Lord Portal, who has bestowed 200 trout upon this already promising expanse of water.

At the sunlit opening, speeches were made by Sir Jocelyn, Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Calcutt, chairman of the Anglers' Association. Mrs. Kausman, wife of the chairman of the fishing section of this other A.A., was there, also its hon. secretary, Mr. Beckerson, and Lady Lucas.

Why not, now, huntin' of the deer in Battersea Park, and shootin' of the wildfowl in St. James's Park?

Musical Programme

ON June 25th, a concert at the Central Hall, Westminster, aided Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund. Ekaterina Zorina sang; she is a Russian mezzo-soprano who has sung around the world and is now devoting much of her time and energies to war charities. Other artists were Dennis Noble, baritone; Sascha Lasserson, violin; Shulamith Shafir, piano; Simyon Kramskoy, Russian drama; and Harold Craxton, accompanying. Among the many well-known composers whose works were performed were Borodin, Moussorgsky, Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninoff and Chopin.

Lady Juliet Duff, now settled in her new London home in Halkin Place, her Wiltshire home having been taken over for war activities, is busy getting up a concert and cabaret for Free French sailors. It is to be held at the Dorchester on the evening of July 2nd, at 9.30. She is the chairman, and has a large committee, including the Duchess of Westminster, Mrs. June de Trafford, Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, Lady John Anderson, and, of course, the Marchioness of Crewe, who is chairman of the French in Great Britain Fund, and generally shows such practical interest in all that concerns the French over here. Maggie Teyte is to sing, and Beatrice Lillie, Dorothy Dickson, Leslie Henson, Naunton Wayne and Fred Emney are a few of the many artists who are to take part.

Rural Pennies Fund

THE Duchess of Marlborough recently addressed a meeting at Winchester of the Rural Pennies-a-Week Fund, of which she is chairman. Lady Congleton, county organiser for Hampshire, spoke too, and area secretaries, village organisers and collectors had come from all parts of the county to listen.

The Duchess said that Hampshire had already raised between £4000 and £5000 in this way, and Lady Congleton, in the chair, said that £850 had been raised in the first half of May alone.

The organisation hopes to send a parcel each week to every prisoner of war in Axis hands, and some of the money is for the Red Cross. Miss Matheson, organiser, who had come with the Duchess from Oxfordshire, answered many questions after the meeting, and Lady Malmesbury proposed a vote of thanks to the visitors.

Flag-Selling at Night

THIS is a new idea, and proved extremely lucrative. Lady Blackwell and two tin-hatted helpers beat the dawn to arrive at the Nuthouse and sell flags to the interesting roomful. Mr. Quentin Reynolds was there; so was Mr. Richard Llewellyn, for ever to be associated with green valleys; Miss Beatrice Lillie, in a darling little sequin cap; Miss Cecily Courtneidge, with blonde hair up and well away in front; Mr. Fred Emney, looming about and around his cigar; Miss Hermione Gingold, smiling through her hedge of eyelashes; Mr. Eric Portman, of distinction and the charming voice; Mr. and Mrs. Carol Gibbons, getting a big hand; lovely twins, Mr. Billy and Miss Sheila Macauley; Miss Dodo Lees, up from Dorset; Mr. Roy Balfour, in good spirits; Mr. Geoffrey King, the sailor; Mr. Ralph Benson, with Mrs. Ritchie; Miss Anne Fore-Walker, who is one of our intrepid girl dispatch-riders; Mr. Peter de Gruëff; Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, cast up and swept away again on the tide of merry-makers on leave; Miss Hollander, a nurse, who is the daughter of Countess Hollander; and Mr. Ian Lubbock, who is rehearsing for a new play by Michael Egan, due at the Vaudeville this month.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

And the same applies to the chapters about America. The quotations from Isolationist letters and the pre-December 1941 Isolationist Press have instruction-value, and should be read. This sort of thing has been muffled—or, rather, too tactfully kept from us. It can do England no harm to know what one part of America thinks and says—or has thought and said until recently. This should be a case of "Britain can take it," too.

My Goodness! My Passport is worth reading. Myself, I find I am left, by the end of it, with a solid regard for Mrs. Florence's solid regard for facts, and a tolerance for her intolerance, and occasional flightiness, in the realm of ideas. Her good nature is undeniable, her energy patent and her zest for living must be the envy of all.

Straight from the Shoulder

ENGLISH dramatists are, on the whole, kindly: they seldom deal go down well; now and then we can do with a comedy that suggests that our manners or morals—or, at any rate, those of our neighbours, friends and acquaintances—are not actually everything that they ought to be. But that is as far as the London theatre goes. No West End audience would stand for being denounced—and I doubt that the provinces differ in that respect.

In Ireland things are very different. Since first the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, offered Irish drama a home—and, one might say, shrine—home truths about the Irish and about Ireland have volleyed across the footlights. Irish dramatists do not flatter—and that is to put it mildly. And the actors combine to drive the dramatist's message home by brilliant representation of Irish character. The nearer the bone a play goes, the greater success it is. No, no one—that is, inside the theatre—hands the Irish the dope. (The dope could be got, till the war stopped all forms of travel, from English touring companies bringing London successes across to the sister isle.) All the same, the Irish continue to go to their theatre. Partly, I suppose, because in a grim way they do really enjoy being castigated and scored off. Partly because (however benighted you may consider the Irish in some ways) they know a good thing when they see it. And the best of the Irish plays are *first rate*.

Yes, first rate, and so broad in their application that they contain truths about human nature, not only truths about the Irish. We should be grateful to Messrs. Macmillan for publishing in one volume (at 7s. 6d.) George Sheils's *The Rugged Path* and *The Summit*. These plays, of which the second is the sequel to the first, packed the Abbey for weeks—and I guarantee that they would pack any theatre. They are realistic without being flat or slow; they are taut without being hectic. The characters—even if you do not know Ireland and Irish farmer-folk—have a verisimilitude that sticks out a mile. The subject is—roughly—the clean-up of a country neighbourhood that has some bad hats. A decent old-age pensioner is murdered, and everybody knows who has done it, but the other decent people all have some inhibition that prevents them from speaking up. Partly they dread retribution from the guilty man's family, partly they dread the odium that attaches to "the informer." In fact, here there is what might be called in England a typically public-school tie-up of the social conscience.

Do read these two plays. Myself, I failed to see them in Dublin, so as a reader I came to them quite new, and never have I been less bored. I have often wondered, as I sat in the cinema, why one should watch with such impassioned attention American G-men films about getting crooks out and down. America's local crime problems are (one may say) her own, and equally so are Ireland's. But the fact is, one cannot remain indifferent to any genuine moral problem that presents itself to the private citizen. The emergence of the private citizen from the safeness of his own life into public responsibility is an important stage in his country's growing-up. Whether his country be America, Ireland or England, this truth continues to hold good. These two George Sheils plays express—in quite superb dramatic form—an Irishman's strong wish that his country should be adult.

Ageless Flowers

MRS. CONSTANCE SITWELL'S *Bright Morning* (Jonathan Cape; 5s.) is a book to enjoy and admire without qualification. It is a book about happiness in the past—flowers, benign great houses, early-morning rides, arrivals for happy visits, schoolroom conspiracies, debutante life in the London of before the 1914 war. Such writing has its dangers: it seems, in these troubled times, almost pitifully easy to idealise the past. On the subjects Mrs. Sitwell has chosen it would be easy to be sentimental, or nostalgic in a "literary" way.

Bright Morning, however, has none of these defects. Therefore, it puts a spell on one. Or need I say "a spell"? Why should one not read (for a change) about people who were happy without being "escapist," good without being boring and graceful, comely and elegant without making felt any crying need that they should be debunked? I doubt, in fact, whether anyone could debunk the characters Mrs. Sitwell remembers. Mrs. Lella Florence might point out that they were the privileged products of the bad old order. It seems to me that a tree that flowered so worthily must have had its roots in a healthy soil.

Talking of flowering reminds me that *Bright Morning* is really more about flowers, places and houses than about people. Mrs. Sitwell confesses that "there is no note of revolt here; no regrets, no problems." She transcribes her memories in a vivid and (though effortless) faultless style.



Christening at the Guards' Chapel

The baby son of Major L. V. Armstrong MacDonald, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Armstrong MacDonald, was christened Michael Murrough by the Rev. H. L. Norton, Chaplain to the Brigade of Guards, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, recently. His young brother, John, now aged three, attended the christening.



We can't have it both ways...

Even if we were not called to help, we could not leave men to fight this war alone. We asked for equal rights and we cannot have it both ways. It is only fair that we should face the music side by side with our men. Total war makes heavy demands on us. We must submit to routine and still keep the sparkle of unfettered days. We must take risks and show no sign of fear. We must work hard and let no weariness appear. We must remember that the slightest hint of a drooping spirit yields a point to the enemy. Never must careless grooming reflect a 'don't care' mood. Now that leisure and beauty-aids are limited, we can take pride in looking our best. Face value is more than ever high. Never should we forget that good looks and good morale are the closest of good companions.

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD..

Yardley

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

True economy cannot be practised unless women safeguard their dresses. They must be hung up promptly before creases appear, any spots must be removed as soon as possible, and, of course, a good clothes brush is essential. It is wonderful the good work that hot, nearly boiling water will do in the matter of rejuvenation. Now for some pleasant news. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, have an Inexpensive Dress Department in which the prices that prevail are exceptionally moderate. To them must be given the credit of the printed summer frock on the left; it is available in many colour schemes. It must be mentioned that here are to be seen plain wool dresses as well as those with contrasting yokes; many of them are arranged with simili boleros. An early visit is essential



There is no doubt about it that hats do make a difference. A visit to Corringes in the Buckingham Palace Road will convince all and sundry of this fact. A trio are portrayed on this page. On the extreme left is one that is suitable for weddings or other social functions. It is of crinoline, its charm being increased with a veil spangled with daisies. Next to it is one of white straw relieved with a velvet bow, finished with a fancy buckle. An important feature of the very smart white jersey hat above is the quills. These are quite easy to adjust, therefore may be varied from time to time. Jersey has only recently been used for hats



Thanks, Eugène

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

FOUR Scotsmen were playing cards. Among them was an Aberdonian. To the latter came a waiter who said, "Excuse me, sir, but you are wanted on the telephone."

The Aberdonian rose from the table, took up his money, and went to the instrument. On his return, he noticed that his friends were looking rather dour.

"What's wrang wi' you all?" he asked, looking round the table. "Are ye vexed wi' me?"

"O' course we're vexed wi' ye. Yon was a dirty trick."

"What was a dirty trick?"

"To tak' a' yer money awa' wi' ye, as though ye thocht we wad steal the stuff."

"Naething of the sort was in ma mind. Come, get on wi' the game."

The game proceeded, but again the waiter appeared to tell the Aberdonian he was wanted on the telephone.

This time, as he walked towards the door, one of his friends called out, sarcastically, "Are ye no' taking yer money wi' ye?"

"Na, na, it doesn't matter. I'll leave it this time. There's eight and fourpence."

THE conversation had turned on to whether the radio had killed or stimulated individual talent.

"Well," said one man, "after listening to the radio for some years, my family has decided to have a little orchestra of its own. My wife is learning to play the banjo. John is learning to play the flute, James rather fancies himself as a jazz drummer, and the two girls are learning the piano and the violin."

"And what are you learning?" asked one of the other men.

"I? Oh—I'm learning to bear it."



"Doesn't fit yer! Where do you think you are? Savile Row?"

A SOLDIER whose main trouble was extreme talkativeness, was on escort duty with a corporal, taking an important prisoner to headquarters.

Before starting, he had been told that on no account was he to speak; a bet of a packet of cigarettes had been made that he couldn't remain silent until reaching headquarters.

They went in single file, the soldier quite mute.

On arriving at headquarters, the corporal, without looking round, said, "Well, Tommy, you've won the bet."

"Yes," replied Tommy, "but you nearly had me when the prisoner escaped."

A BACHELOR invited a married friend round to his flat. It was certainly a very cosy place, and the guest eyed it enviously.

"You've done yourself very well here, old man," he said to his host. "I only wish I could afford a place like this."

"Yes," replied his single friend. "You married men may have better halves, but we bachelors very often have better quarters."

ONE pay day Private Jones received two shillings too much; but he kept quiet.

During the week the paymaster found out his mistake. So on the next pay day he deducted the two shillings.

"Excuse me, sir," said Jones, "but I'm two shillings short."

"You didn't complain last week, did you?" asked the paymaster.

"No, sir; I can overlook one mistake, but when it happens twice, it's time to complain."

A FATIGUE party had been detailed to load a lorry with flour, and the sergeant in charge went to see how they were getting on. He found them sitting about, gazing expectantly at the sacks.

"What are you fellows waiting for?" he shouted.

"It's all right, sergeant," said the wag of the party, "those sacks are all marked 'self-raising,' so we're just hoping."

THE foreman of a gang of railwaymen had more than his share of Irish wit.

One day he was walking along his section of the line when he found one of his men fast asleep in the shade of a hedge. Eyeing the man with a smile, he said, "Slape on, ye idle spalpeen, slape on. So long as ye slape, ye've got a job; but when ye wake up, ye're out of work."

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regret that conditions do not permit their having a Summer Sale this year.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Soviet Secret

SOVIET RUSSIA, which has taught us so many lessons already, taught us another lesson in the quiet and most tactful way when M. Molotov came over here by aeroplane. The lesson was on how to keep a military aviation secret. It reminded us that, as a nation, we tend to talk too much; it warned us that there's a blab on, and it hinted that where there's a blab there's a blab; neither blab nor blab being of advantage to the successful prosecution of the war.

For the aeroplane which brought M. Molotov was new to those of us who pay attention to such matters. It was of a type about which nothing whatever had previously appeared in this country or, so far as these can be inspected, in any aviation papers of other countries.

So when the photographs of the aircraft were released there was a great telephoning and a determined searching among reference works; a widespread questioning of the Soviet Embassy, the Aeronautical Society, the Ministry of Aircraft Production and the Air Ministry. But no one at that time could say what the name of the aircraft was; nor could anyone give authentic details of its construction, performance or equipment.

Frenzied speculation supervened. The photographs were examined from every angle and it was extracted from them that the aircraft was a four-engined bomber, of advanced design, being about the size of a Halifax. It has liquid cooled engines and the inboard nacelles carry two radiators which serve all four engines. Most interesting of all was the aerodynamically clean nose. The front two-gun turret is almost spherical and is "egg-cupped" into the front end of the fuselage so that the flat face effect provided by the nose of some bombers is avoided.

The Soviet airmen arrived with their own ground crew and servicing equipment and everybody at the aerodrome where they landed agreed that they showed high efficiency in the handling of their aircraft and that the aircraft itself looked good.

Friendly Reticence

BUT the outstanding thing about this aeroplane is that no hint or suggestion of its existence was given and that the first we knew about it was when it landed in England.

May it not be that the Russians have learned that sometimes one does a friendly good turn by not telling him too much? At any rate we have not, in the past, always distinguished ourselves for reticence on aviation matters and I cannot help thinking that the Russians have felt that it is best for us and best for them to keep us politely in the dark about some of their recent aviation developments.

But it must be extraordinarily difficult to maintain such reticence when it leads to a belittling of their aviation skill—as it has done occasionally. Our technical papers—not knowing what the Russians were doing—have been inclined to under-rate their aeronautical abilities. Anyhow, M. Molotov brought over more than his government's agreement to the famous treaty; he also brought us an object lesson in how to keep military secrets.

Sous les Toits

THAT Beaufighter tourist expedition to Paris was in the best Royal Air Force tradition. It was the kind of rather trivial, but exceedingly daring exploit that goes well with the character of officers and airmen, and it was received everywhere with delight.

Flight-Lieutenant Gatward and Sergeant Fern must have given Parisians something to talk about and something to joke about and they must have given the Germans something to puzzle about. For it is not in the German make-up to comprehend the risking of a modern aircraft and a brave and skilful crew for dropping flags and firing a small burst of cannon shells at any enemy headquarters.

The Germans think in vast concentrations of effect and in massing everything they have got to achieve single, main purposes. In the strictest military sense they are right; in the purely material sense they are right. But in many other senses they are wrong.

The Paris visit—coming about the time of the Libya troubles—was balm for hurt minds. And how curious that the pilot and observer selected for the job had never—if I was rightly informed about the subsequent broadcast—visited Paris before. From chimney-pot height, and even lower at times, they were getting their first view of the city that used to draw the whole world.

Libya

ONCE again the public had cause for dissatisfaction in the way the news from Libya was handled during the retreat on Tobruk and Egypt. The Royal Air Force communiqués, not being fully co-ordinated with the headquarters communiqués, gave too bright a view of the situation and made it seem that our gallant Imperial Air Forces were having a much easier time than they really were.

The public dislikes more than anything to gain the impression that our fighting men are having things all their own way when, in fact, they are struggling desperately against powerful enemy forces.

My own solution to this problem of getting a proper balance in the communiqués is the formation of a Joint War Operations Information Staff. This would control all war information as the new United States office under Mr. Elmer Davis is intended to do. It is the only way of giving backbone to our war news and eliminating the risks of imbalance through different attitudes towards different parts of the fighting. Let us form at the earliest moment a Joint War Information Staff, representative of the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force.

If there is need—as is admitted—for a Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee, co-ordinating the operation work of the three Services, there is also need for a Joint War Information Staff.

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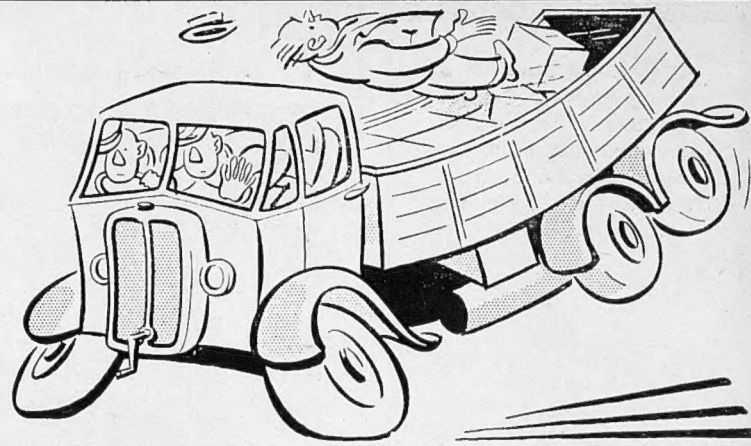
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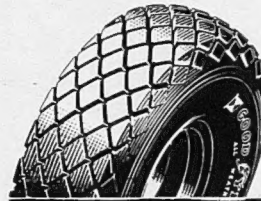
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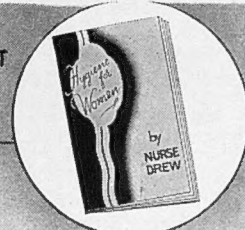
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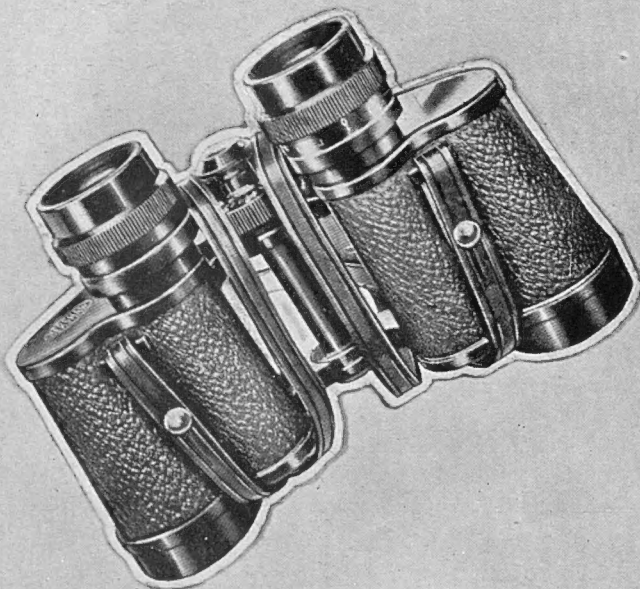


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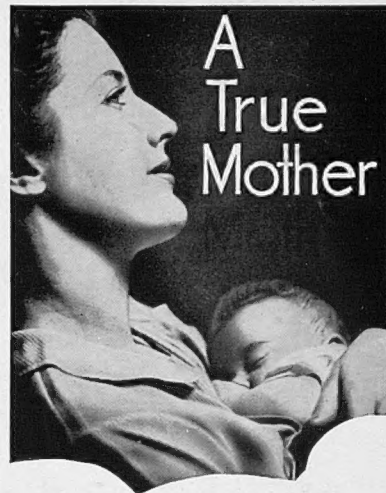
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